

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Concert Choir

in a

CHORAL  
CONCERT

DAVID STOCKER, conductor

Saturday, March 24, 1973, at 8:30 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, U. of A. campus

and

winter and spring tours throughout Alberta

# Program

## I

ALLELUIA ..... J. S. BACH  
(1685-1750)

This fugal alleluia serves as the finale to the motet, "Praise the Lord, all ye Nations." The preceding portions of text from Psalm 117 describe God's gracious watchfulness over His people.

SANCTUS AND HOSANNA ..... ANDREA GABRIELI  
(ca. 1520-1586)

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth  
Pleni sunt coeli et terra  
Gloria tua.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God of Hosts  
Heaven and earth are full of  
Thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

This six-part chorus artfully interweaves the bright upper voices against the darker quality of the lower voices in a kaleidoscope of vocal color. This polychoral quality is typical of the work of the Venetian composers of this period.

AB ORIENTE  
VENERUNT MAGI ..... JACOBUS GALLUS (HANDL)  
(1550-1591)

Ab oriente venerunt magi in  
Bethlehem, adorare Dominum;  
et apertis thesauris preciosa  
munera obtulerunt: aurum  
sicut regi magno, thus sicut  
Deo vero, myrrham sepulturae  
ejus. Alleluia.

From eastern lands three wise  
men journeyed to Bethlehem, to  
adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
And they opened treasures, they  
presented Him with gifts so  
wondrous rare, worthy of a  
mighty ruler, yea, of the son of  
Mary: bright gold and frankin-  
cense and myrrh. Alleluia.

VIRGIN MARY HAD ONE SON ..... APPALACHIAN CAROL  
arr. STOCKER

Virgin Mary had one son  
Oh, glory hallelujah  
Glory be to the newborn King.  
Mary what you gonna call your  
pretty little baby  
Oh, pretty little baby  
Glory be to the newborn King.

Some call Him David, think  
I'll call Him Manuel  
Oh, think I'll call Him Manuel  
Glory be to the newborn King.  
Virgin Mary had one son  
Oh, glory hallelujah  
Glory be to the newborn King.

THE VIRGIN MARY  
HAD A BABY BOY ..... WEST INDIAN SPIRITUAL  
arr. ROBERT DE CORMIER

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy,  
An' they said that His name was Jesus.  
He come from the glory,  
He come from the glorious kingdom.  
Oh yes, believer,  
He come from the glory,  
He come from the glorious kingdom.

The wise men saw where the Baby was born,  
An' they said that His name was Jesus.  
The angels sang when the Baby was born,  
An' they said that His name was Jesus.

HODIE, CHRISTUS NATUS EST ..... HEALEY WILLAN  
(1880-1968)

Hodie, Christus natus est.  
Hodie salvator apparuit. In  
terra canunt angeli, laetantur  
archangeli, hodie exultant  
justi dicentes: Gloria in  
excelsis deo, alleluia.

Today Christ is born. Today the  
Saviour hath appeared. On earth  
choirs of angels sing. Archangels  
together rejoice. The righteous  
rejoice together saying: Glory to  
God in the highest.

II  
PEACEABLE KINGDOM . . . . . RANDALL THOMPSON  
(1899- )

1

Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him:  
for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.  
Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him:  
for the reward of his hands shall be given him.  
Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart,  
but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart and shall  
howl for vexation of spirit.

2

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as  
it were with a cart rope!  
Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness  
for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and  
sweet for bitter!  
Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their  
own sight!  
Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to  
mingle strong drink!  
Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may fol-  
low strong drink; that continue till night, till wine inflame them!  
And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in  
their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither  
consider the operations of his hands.  
Woe to the multitude of many people, which make a noise like the  
noise of the seas!  
Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till  
there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst  
of the earth.

3

The noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as a great people;  
a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together;  
the Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle. They come  
from a far country, from the end of heaven, even the Lord,  
and the weapons of his indignation, to destroy the whole land.  
Their bows also shall dash the young men to pieces; and they  
shall have no pity on the fruit of the womb; their eye shall  
not spare children. Every one that is found shall be thrust through;  
and every one that is joined unto them shall fall by the sword.  
Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes;  
their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished. Therefore  
shall all hands be faint, and every man's heart shall melt. They  
shall be afraid: pangs and sorrow shall take hold of them; they shall  
be in pain as a woman that travaileth: they shall be amazed at  
one another; their faces shall be as flames.

4

Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand.  
Howl, O gate; cry, O city; thou art dissolved.

5

The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and  
everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away,  
and be no more.

6

But these are they that forsake the Lord, that forget my holy  
mountain.  
For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the  
mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,  
and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

7

Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you  
from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations  
of the earth?

8

Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is  
kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to  
come into the mountain of the Lord.

—from the Book of the Prophet Isaiah

INTERMISSION

III

THE RINGING OF THE BELLS . . . . . LUDWIG SENFL  
(ca. 1492-ca. 1553)

Oh come, everyone! Oh come, lend us aid! The ropes now draw.  
Each one draw hard! They're ringing, they're singing, they're banging  
and clanging. Draw harder, draw faster, with might and main! Come  
hither all and lend your aid! Come near, ye people! Give us assis-  
tance, your strength now lend us! Oh hear, how they peal!

In spite of a popular idea that "programme" music is a comparatively modern  
development there is to be found in early musical literature an abundance of  
compositions with definitely descriptive effects.

TWO CANONS AT THE OCTAVE

CATCH AND TOAST . . . . . SAMUEL WEBBE  
(1770-1843)

Now we are met let mirth abound  
And let the catch and toast go round.

BEHOLD THE DUCK! . . . . . UNKNOWN

Behold the duck!  
He does not cluck.  
A cluck he lacks;  
He quacks.  
He is specially fond of a puddle or pond.  
When he dines or sups, he bottoms ups.

—OGDEN NASH

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA . . . . . BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
(1913- )

1

In a garden shady this holy lady  
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,  
Like a black swan as death came on  
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:  
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin  
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,  
And notes tremendous from her great engine  
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,  
Moved to delight by the melody,  
White as an orchid she rode quite naked  
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;  
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing  
Came out of their trance into time again,  
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses  
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

2

I cannot grow;  
I have no shadow  
To run away from,  
I only play.

I cannot err;  
There is no creature  
Whom I belong to,  
Whom I could wrong.

I am defeat  
When it knows it  
Can now do nothing  
By suffering.

All you lived through,  
Dancing because you  
No longer need it  
For any deed.

I shall never be  
Different. Love me.

(Continued on overleaf)

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

3

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,  
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,  
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
Where Hope within the altogether strange  
From every outworn image is released,  
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast  
Into a world of truths that never change:  
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,  
Playing among the ruined languages,  
So small beside their large confusing words,  
So gay against the greater silences  
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,  
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,  
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,  
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin  
Is drawn across our trembling violin.  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.  
O law drummed out by hearts against the still  
Long winter of our intellectual will.

That what has been may never be again.

O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath  
Of convalescents on the shores of death.

O bless the freedom that you never chose.

O trumpets that unguarded children blow  
About the fortress of their inner foe.

O wear your tribulation like a rose.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

—W. H. AUDEN

THREE JAPANESE SONGS . . . . . GORDON JOHNSON

THE WORLD

If only the world would always remain this way, some fishermen  
drawing a little rowboat up the river bank.

TEARS

The setting sun has left the sky. The light grows dim. I thought  
I was a brave man. My thin sleeves are wet with tears.

YOU

"I will come, I will come," you say, and you do not come. Now  
you say, "I will not come," so I shall expect you. Have I learned  
to understand you?

IV

FROM "THREE PAVANATIONS" . . . . . SVEN LEKBERG

MOMENT MUSICAL

The doves come down with a flutter of wings to peck the peanuts  
the little boy flings on the path by the trickling fountain. Pink feet  
like candle wax dart from under the smooth grey backs then cool!  
And they're gone, to roof or crag or hidden cleft and all that's  
left is a peculiar pattern of pigeon's tracks and an empty red and  
white striped paper bag floating in the fountain.

PAVANE

Peacock, walk through these yellow leaves! and with haughty step  
turn your turquoise neck to survey your sweeping train of green and  
purple and blue against the autumn gold! But if you pause in your  
pavane and spread your turquoise fan, eighty oriental eyes will haunt  
me and I will hear music where none is.

—LEIGH McBRADD

# THREE FOLK SONGS . . . . . arr. STOCKER

## SING HALLELUJAH

I know I got a long, long journey, sing hallelujah.  
 I'd better get started early, sing hallelujah.  
 Sing out for the Lord to help you, the Lord is mighty strong.  
 Don't you worry 'bout your heavy load, the Lord's gonna help you  
 along.  
 Last night I heard my Lord calling.  
 He say, sinner, ya better stop your stalling.  
 Well I don't know but I've been told,  
 If you're singing loud you can save your soul.  
 The devil he wants my mother,  
 My mother, my father, my sister and my brother.

## COME ALONG HOME

Come along, won't you come along home now,  
 night is falling and the path is steep.  
 Come along, won't you come along home now,  
 water's running and the river is deep.  
 Wind goes whish and the trees are sighing,  
 Come along, won't you come along home.  
 Somebody's born and somebody's dying,  
 Come along, won't you come along home.  
 Every night the voice gets bolder,  
 Come along, won't you come along home.  
 Song gets sweeter as I grow older,  
 Come along, won't you come along home.

## WHEN THAT FIRST TRUMPET SOUNDS

Where will you be when that first trumpet sounds,  
 Where will you be when it sounds so loud.  
 It's gonna sound so loud, gonna wake up the dead,  
 Where will you be when it sounds.  
 I'm gonna see brother Silas . . .  
 I'm gonna walk that glory road . . .  
 Where will you be . . .  
 I'm gonna fly away . . .

## CHOIR PERSONNEL

### SOPRANOS

Sigrid Albert  
 Beth Atkinson  
 Sharon Baron  
 Heather Bedford  
 Lynn Brown  
 Bev Burrows  
 Sharon Goller  
 Barbara-Lynn Goodwin  
 Deb Klapauszak  
 Mary McDevitt  
 Phyllis Moore  
 May Moskuwich  
 Wilda Neal  
 \*Wendy Phillipson  
 Kathy Siemens  
 \*Rita Smyth  
 Jane Whitby  
 Joanne Yurkewich

### TENORS

Andre Boisvert  
 Chris Fuchs  
 Paul Gifford  
 David Goodwin  
 Jim Higgs  
 \*John Homewood  
 \*Mel Otke  
 \*Dan Siebert  
 \*Don Skinner  
 \*soloists

### ALTOS

Suzanne Alger  
 Debbie Alpaugh  
 Nancy Browne  
 Jeanne Caouette  
 Avaleigh Crockett  
 Marge De Armond  
 \*Bonnie-Jean Dobek  
 Betty Fadum  
 Jennifer Geddes  
 Heather Hantke  
 Dale Hensley  
 Jean Loree  
 Susan Prime  
 Judy Schneider  
 \*Cally Tripp  
 Shelaine Tutton  
 Judith Wiens

### BASSES

Lynn Danforth  
 Don Deines  
 Doug Dombrosky  
 Jack Dowling  
 Glen Guebert  
 Grant Harlton  
 Paul Mackey  
 John Shandro  
 Tom Smyth  
 Byron Swanson  
 \*Roger Tripp  
 John van Praag

## EXECUTIVE

Conductor . . . . .	Dr. David Stocker
President . . . . .	Glen Guebert
Accompanist . . . . .	Bonnie-Jean Dobek
Manager . . . . .	John Shandro
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .	Marge De Armond
Social Conveners . . . . .	Barbara-Lynn Goodwin, Mel Otke
Librarian . . . . .	Byron Swanson
Wardrobe . . . . .	Jack Dowling